

THE EATON DEMOCRAT.

J. Z. REEDER, EDITOR.

EATON, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1847.

Township Meetings.

Having consulted with many of the Democracy of the county, it has been thought advisable to recommend to the Democracy that they meet together in their several townships AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, preparatory to the County Convention, to appoint delegates, and transact other business for said Convention. Let every man who has the least desire to be called a Democrat, come out and attend the township meetings at such places as the elections are usually held, or at any other central point, and every one of you take a particular friend. Do not make a failure in this matter. Meet together in your entire strength, and like men, as you are, speak out your sentiments on matters which concern you, and prepare your business to come before the County Convention on the 20th of August. Be sure that the delegates which you send to the Convention are whole-souled fellows that will take the right kind of interest in the business before the Convention.

The Southern Stage.

It is high time that something should be done in relation to the Southern travel. There is a little rickety two-horse coach running in the Ohio Stage Company's line between this place and Hamilton, which will not decently accommodate one half the travel on the route. It is an outrage upon this community, and should receive proper attention. These monopolizing companies are running over the people in every direction. They care nothing for the public comfort or convenience, only so far as their interest is concerned. We are in favor of a change in these things so far as this barbarous staging is concerned.

Mexican Trophies.

Capt. Jesse B. Stephens, who has been for several months past Commissary in the army in Mexico, showed us his collection of Mexican curiosities. They are worth seeing. Among his collection are a pioneer axe, spade, gourd for carrying water, shells, and pieces of the bell which was shattered by a cannon ball, immediately above Ampudia's head, at the storming of Monterey by our forces. These "trophies," Captain, will be looked upon by some of your neighbors upon the principle that every man is your neighbor—as rather sacrilegious—rather. The gourd which we saw, "beats all nature," and is the most complete natural canteen we ever saw.

Trial for Arson.

Reuben Maddox, who was taken up on the charge of arson, on Tuesday last week, was examined before Esqr. Stephens on Friday, 16th, and was, in default of the payment of \$500 bail, committed for trial at the next term of Court. We attended the examination in the Court House, which was crowded to excess, and the startling disclosures there made were enough to arouse the whole community. It appeared, by the testimony of the witnesses, that the State's Attorney, who turned State's Attorney, had been in the habit of visiting the quarters at Lawrenceburg, Pa. At Lawrenceburg, Pa., they have another resort, for the convenience of the "Sons," and one at Eaton—a small branch, yet organized under a regular captain, who enjoys the noted sobriquet of "Captain Kidd." This gang had laid their plans for burning the houses, and other property of our citizens, and of robbing and even murdering some business men in town. We state what was given in evidence, and which has not been denied by any evidence whatever. The testimony left several persons implicated in these transactions. Some of them have left the place; those who remain have fit in their power to show, by their conduct, and actions, that these charges are without foundation, or that entire reformation has done its work. We are alarmed to know that in this quiet and peaceable community, such men are to be found. We are none of us safe while these wretches are at large, and it is the imperative duty of every citizen of the place to help prosecute all who are in any way concerned in these atrocities. "Gentlemen at large" had better have a care in respect to visiting our town under present circumstances. The people are on the alert.

St. Clair Garden.

If the lovers of Nature would wish to see it artfully and tastefully arranged, let them visit Mr. Young's Garden, just west of town. In addition to seeing every thing lovely, vegetables of almost every description, and of the best quality, can be obtained at very cheap rates. This Garden cannot be excelled by any others in the country, that have been no longer established. Mr. Young understands the whole science of the business in which he is engaged, and Mrs. Young is a lady eminently qualified to preside over the Floral Department.

The "Phoys."

We intended, on last week, to have noticed the manly bearing of the "Phoys" who had charge of the "little engine," on the night of the late fire, but was unable at that time to attend to it. Men never exalted themselves more or to better purpose than did they on that night. Under the direction of Capt. Bennett they achieved wonders, and are entitled to the praise of arresting the devouring flames on the west side of the block—but for their noble conduct these houses must have been consumed. "Go ahead boys."

"Which of the two to choose."

The Greenville Banner, in speaking of the Chicago Convention, says, "Ohio was well represented in the convention, and her 'favorite son' was there ever ready to 'do battle' for the interest of the great West." Which one of the two are we to understand as being the "favorite son," Bebb or Corwin? Be a little more explicit, Mr. Banner.

The Whig Trouble.

We have never seen such floundering in our brief existence as the Whigs are performing, at the present time, in reference to a candidate for the next presidency. The Universal Whig Par-tee must present a "lovely spectacle" to the people across the "big drink." Old Zach has smashed the hopes of the party so far as he is concerned. All they have to do is to "lark up another tree," and wake up some body else. The next "man Friday" will be immensely popular with the people, no doubt. We should not be surprised if they should pick upon the "man in the moon." He enjoys a mighty eminence, and is very popular with "lovers." Scott, however, stands pretty fair, but that "hasty plate of soup," with other extras, came very near putting the stomachs of the people out of order. Who will they take? We wish to know, for we want to have a hearty laugh once more. As to Tom Corwin, we suppose he will sink into nothingness in the course of a few years, and be remembered only in song—the "Rogue's March."

Neutrality.

We have noticed of late, that several professed neutral papers, with Whig editors, have broken their neutrality, or bent it sadly. The Messenger, which is generally very sparse of editorial, but otherwise a good family paper, has joined in a blind crusade of two squares against Gen. Pillow, without a why, wherefore, or reason of any kind. Some Whig thing, spewed out of Mexico, has said Gen. Pillow is a Locofoco Jackass, and aint fit to command a Brigade, and the matter is settled. Such political clips are a breach of good faith to the subscribers of a neutral sheet. Political papers can make such matters sufficiently filthy without the aid of neutral papers.

"Nailed to the counter."

The Cambridge Revere, a week or two since, noticed an article of ours in relation to the number of papers printed in Mexico, and said not one of them was Democratic. We have before us several papers printed in Mexico. We copy an article from the "American Pioneer," printed at Monterey, Mexico. Corwin is a Whig, and the Revere's first choice for the presidency, judging from its tone, as their views of policy exactly agree. But to the article:

It seems that Mr. Corwin's expressed views concerning the war, do not elicit any large share of approbation, among the volunteers from his own State. The extract from a letter of a Saltillo correspondent, which we publish in another column, will suffice to show the feeling with which Mr. Corwin's speech was received among that portion of his fellow citizens who are serving their country in Mexico. The man who could utter such libels upon his countrymen, as those contained in Corwin's speech, will be hurled from his high position by the just indignation of an insulted people. Queer language this for a Whig paper. "Lay on, brother" Hunt.

L-I-P-E-N-T-Y-C-L-I-P-S.

The Reader will be so kind as not to count the Original articles in this column.

Many of us are in need of money very much, and would say to those who are behind, and that unless they pay us in the next two or three weeks, we will charge them what our terms call for. Those with whom we have made contracts are exempted from this call.

On his back.

The Monitor of the Reveille is on his back. We will not assault a fallen enemy. Get up, Mr. Hunt, we won't knock you down again. One word of advice we give you, ere we part. Don't brag what you intend doing, and boast of your ability, before you count the cost, and reconnoitre the ground. Go: the world is wide enough for us both—and the smallest possible space will contain you.

"Anglo Sacson."

We have received a paper with the above title, devoted to the new system of "Phonotype," published in "Nu York," by Andrews & Boyle. It is a strange sheet, but any one can soon get into the way of reading it. It will be interesting to any family.

We have received a small paper published at Winchester, Va., devoted to Amusement, &c. We are pleased with the number sent us, although it is somewhat poverty-stricken in originality. The subsequent papers—if, indeed, its life be spared for a second issue—may improve upon the present number, as the editor has set himself to the task with the solemnity of his name a la Byron. It is semi-monthly, at 75 a year, in advance.

In our last paper we expressed our surprise that the Delta should call Carey a General. We knew that he was Paymaster General, but was not aware that it would entitle him to the appellation of General Carey until told so by a friend of his. We are satisfied now, and hope "that all the papers that copied our blunder, will make the proper correction."

We have received the second number of the "Greenville Banner," a paper recently established in Greenville, Darke county, by H. Bell. It is gotten up with taste, neatly printed, and is Whig in politics. The "Banner" is far ahead of the "Patriot" in appearance, and tone: but why two Whig papers in Greenville? We were just thinking of the Kilkenny cats.

The Register tells us to the best of its ability, where Tom Corwin is. It will not answer the purpose. We wished to know where he was at that time. Some of his friends are anxious about him—when last heard from he was "after the man that killed the woman," with a sharp stick. We repeat the interrogatory: Where's Tom Corwin?

Most extraordinary efforts are made by postmasters of the Democratic school to procure subscribers for the different campaign papers—especially for the O. Statesman. What's in the wind?—Germantown Gaz.

You will see, Mr. Gazette, about ideas of October.

The Register says Corwin "is where we will never be." You are right: we never expect to be classed among the enemies of our country. Never enjoyed, in the world's estimation, a much higher position than Corwin does, or ever will. Do you understand, Mr. Register?

Those who are in the Flatbed trade will please notice Mr. Potter's Advertisement in to-day's paper. He is the man to accommodate you. Give him a call.

In Switzerland a man cannot marry under 22, and females under 20 years of age. Some in this country would be glad—very—to get a chance under 30.

In firing a salute at Richmond, Va., a Mr. Brown of Petersburg, was killed by the careless discharge of a gun, which contained a ball.

We are of the opinion that long prayers, and longer common-place sermons accomplish little, if any good.

The road from Vera Cruz to Mexico is paved all the way, similar to the streets in our cities.

"Senior's" favors have been received. Eight in length. Understand?

It is reported that the Cholera has made its appearance in Cincinnati.

What do the Whigs think of Gen. Taylor's availability?

From Mexico.

The New Orleans Delta of the 2d instant, has papers from the city of Mexico of the 12th ult. The letters of Mr. KENDALL, from Puebla, will be recollected, were up to the 14th,—and were based mainly upon rumors from the capital. The papers received by the Delta go very far to contradict the intelligence communicated by Mr. KENDALL,—and to allay the apprehensions excited by it. We hear nothing, says the Delta, of those thirty thousand of an army, which, with a valor equalled only by that evinced by the troops of a celebrated King of France, who marched up and down an eminence—were marching out to attack and annihilate Gen. Scott in his quarters at Puebla.

NO CHANGE OF POLICY.—The Monitor asserts that the new Cabinet is not to be entirely formed of Puros (Democrats); as is stated in some of the journals, and that the new Ministers will carry out the policy of their predecessors. Santa Anna thinks that without a full Ministry—with the Ministers of War and Finance, together with the Clerks in the Bureau of Foreign Relations—he will be able, for the time being, to carry on the government.

ATTACK ON GEN. SCOTT.—A correspondent from Puebla, writes on the 7th to a friend in the capital, that the American forces are scarcely 6,000 men, and as Gen. Scott could not leave that place for some time, it would be good policy to have the Mexican forces to march to Puebla and there attack the Americans, who were not prepared for an effective attack.

MOVEMENTS OF AMERICAN TROOPS.—A letter from Puebla, addressed to El Monitor, states that Gen. Worth went as far as Cholula, with 200 men, and had returned alone with his staff, without being troubled by any of the guerrillas.

Gen. Banerli died on the evening of the 11th.

THE PRESIDENCY.—The Legislature of Aguascalientes had given its vote to Gen. Almonte. A letter from Oajaca says that Santa Anna has been unanimously nominated by the Legislature of that State.

THE PEACE PARTY.—El Razador, the peace paper, says that it has recommended peace only because it is convinced that the government would not or could not carry on the war, but at the same time it approves Santa Anna's withdrawal of his resignation, and praises him very much, saying that he is the only man in the country who can keep alive the war spirit.

THE DICTATORSHIP.—El Monitor Republicano of the 12th ult., contains a lengthy article on the subject of Dictatorship. Up to that date Santa Anna was not proclaimed Dictator. Indeed, the Monitor ridiculed the idea that he designed to become one. The rumor to that effect which prevailed in the Capital, is alleged to have originated with and been propagated by his enemies and the enemies of the country.

From the N. O. Picayune of the 1st.

Letter from Gen. Scott's Army.

The steamship James L. Day, Capt. Wood, arrived last evening from Brazos Santiago, whence she sailed on the 28th ult.

By this arrival we have our correspondence to the 16th of June, from Monterey, but the news is of no great importance. Nothing has occurred to change the disposition of Gen. Taylor's forces in any material point, and there is no hope of an advance upon San Luis.

Capt. Bankhead, commanding a company in the Virginia regiment, arrived at Monterey on the 14th ult. from China. He reported that after the departure of the main body of the battalion for Monterey, he despatched a Mexican for Camargo, with a communication for Col. Belknap. A few days after he learned that the messenger had been captured by a body of armed Mexicans, near Paso Zacata and sentenced to be shot.

News had reached Monterey from China, of the death of Lieut. Mahan, who was shot in the recent duel with Lieut. Mumford—both of the Virginia regiment.

Three companies of Texas Rangers had recently come into Monterey, after having been scouring the roads in the direction of Camargo. They failed to fall in with Urrea or any of his men, although rumor frequently had him in the neighborhood in force. Our correspondent thinks he is still the other side of the mountains.

The rangers captured one or two "robbers," and it is said, shot one of them. Upon their return they were at once ordered up to Saltillo.

The Mexicans are said to be organizing small guerilla parties, but we do not learn of any harm done by them.

A train from below arrived at Monterey on the 15th, escorted by several

companies of the North Carolina regiment.

The health of the troops at Monterey was improving, and only one man had recently died. He was attached to the Virginia regiment.

The Mexicans are beginning to return to their residences in Monterey in considerable numbers.

A man named James Mays, a Virginian by birth, but a long resident in Texas, was shot recently at Monterey, by the guard, while attempting to escape from the guard-house. A Texas Ranger had also been shot on the plaza by a fellow soldier and died. Notwithstanding these untoward events, Monterey is now more quiet than it had been. The troops are under severe discipline, and preserve admirable order.

The Massachusetts regiment had not reached Monterey, at last accounts, but a rumor had been received that it was ordered to Vera Cruz. The rumor was probably unfounded, but it would excite no surprise were it true.

From the Brazos.

There was an arrival at New Orleans, on the 3d, from the Brazos—but it brought no important intelligence. The following paragraphs are from the Matamoros Flag, of the 26th. We are not disposed to place much reliance upon the rumor from Puebla. We must have fully as late dates, direct from that point, as they have at Matamoros:

"Our express comes lumbering up from the landing, and reports the steamer Laurel down from Reynosa, having on board three companies of the 2d Illinois (Col. Bissell's) regiment. The remainder of the regiment will be down to-day. All have been paid off and discharged at Camargo. The Alcalde at Reynosa forked over the money that was taken from the volunteers who were lassoed, an account of which we published in our last. No other news from above have we been able to arrive at. Captains of steamboats are the worst news-collectors that we ever saw. There is not one on the Rio Grande who is worth 'stucks.'"

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—Just as our paper was going to press, we were informed by a gentleman in whom we have every confidence, that a report from a respectable source, reached this city from the city of Mexico, last night, that a dysentery of a malignant character had broken out among our troops at Puebla, and that it is believed the Mexican vendors of milk, buque, liquors, &c., poisoned those articles with a certain poisonous vegetable, which grows in the neighborhood. We believe the rumor entitled to credit, and hope Gen. Scott will hear of it in time to prevent the extension of the diabolical plot.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.

The City of Mexico.

Anarchy in the Capital—Robberies and Murders—Americans driven out—Santa Anna and his Banditti—Increase of the Peace Party, &c.

MEXICO, June 10, 1847.

This distracted city continues to suffer all the horrors of anarchy, and every day adds to our miseries. The numbers of the banditti are augmenting rapidly, and murders and robberies are multiplied to an appalling extent. Shops and stores are closed half the time; dealers concealing their property in garrets or cellars, and only sell to acquaintances, holding their goods in one hand until they get their money in the other. No one pays his debts. The country people no longer bring vegetables or meats to market, many having been assassinated and robbed in the suburbs. Citizens who recently fled to Tacubaya and Guadalupe, are now flying beyond the mountains, leaving their money buried in the gardens. Mr. Dunston, a respectable Englishman, a saddler, was found murdered last night near the plaza. The body was completely stripped. Only two days ago a priest was waylaid in the Alameda and robbed of ten ounces (\$160) of gold. A clothing shop in the street of the Holy Ghost, kept by an American and an Englishman, was plundered in the broad daylight, the rabble soldiery dressing themselves with the garments like gentlemen. A boy or girl walking the streets with an umbrella or bundle, pedestrians with a spare cloak or coat, and ladies with loose jewelry, are daily robbed of these articles in the most frequented streets. Every one tries to conceal his property. All in my house appear like beggars. Letters at the post office are broken open, read and plundered. A poor woman milking her cow last Monday, at Chapultepec, was attacked by eight soldiers, alias brigands, who killed the cow, cut up the meat and brought it in and sold it. Her husband followed them at a distance, but there was no redress, as the authorities, deprived of all inter-

nal revenues, have turned robbers themselves, searching and plundering every one passing out of the city. Twenty or thirty murders occur daily. Every soldier and robber is an excise officer, and with no law but his own cupidity. We are on the eve of a dreadful crisis. The Clergy have stripped all the churches and concealed all their valuables. Santa Anna is gathering in his rabble troops, but alas! only to plunder, not to protect. He is driving out every American and threatens if the "Yankees" remain, to inundate them in the city by letting in the waters of the lakes and closing the canal that drains the valley, not for a moment regarding the lives of his own people.

He also threatens that he will break down the aqueduct if the city don't support him. Thank Heaven, the peace party is growing stronger every day! Congress no longer assembles; Santa Anna is denounced by all classes, and his own Councils being divided, the war factions are now devouring each other. The Clergy and the wealthy and intelligent citizens all desire the speedy arrival of the North Americans. That alone can save the city from being sacked by Santa Anna's soldiery, as they are every day becoming more desperate. God grant that Gen. Scott may arrive before that impending disaster occurs!

Yours, &c.

Another and Later Letter from General Taylor.

The Troy Daily Post publishes the following letter from Gen. Taylor, addressed to a citizen of Lansingburg, New York, in which he adheres to the position of his "Signal" letter as to the terms of his candidacy:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION, Camp near Monterey, May 29, '47.

DEAR SIR: It is with much pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your most interesting letter of the 1st instant, and to which I desire to reply in terms more expressive of my thanks to you for your kind consideration for myself, and yet more so of my high appreciation of the upright and patriotic sentiments which are the principal tenor of your letter, but I am burdened with official duties, and at this moment with many letters from distant sources, which require attention and will necessarily oblige me to reply to you in a few lines.

The presidential office presents no inducements to me to seek its honors or responsibilities; the tranquility of private life, on the contrary, is the great object of my aspirations on the conclusion of this war; but I am not insensible to the persuasion that my services are yet due to the country, as the country shall see fit to command them. If still as a soldier, I am satisfied; if in higher and more responsible duties, I desire not to oppose the manifest wish of the people.—But I will not be the candidate of any party or clique; and should the nation at large seek to place me in the chair of the chief magistracy, the good of all parties and the national good would be my great and absorbing aim.

Sentiments such as these have been the burden of my replies to all who have addressed me on this subject, expressing the assurance that, by the spontaneous and unanimous voice of the people alone, and from no agency of my own, can I be withdrawn from the cherished hopes of private retirement and tranquility when peace shall return.

Please accept, with this, my brief reply, the warm appreciation and high consideration of

Yours, most sincerely,
Z. TAYLOR,
Major General U. S. A.

Great Excitement.

A great excitement prevailed in one of the little towns on the Miami Canal, upon the arrival of the Packet boat going north, last week. Soon after the boat entered the lock, some naughty fellow reported that there were on board the canal boat three Mexican officers. This information created a great excitement, and there was one general rush for the boat. Men women and children made for the boat, manifesting the greatest anxiety to behold the face of a true Mexican. So great was the tumult occasioned by the cries of "where are they?" "Stand away and let me see." "I got here first," &c., that the curiosity of the cabin gentry was excited, and a general rush was made for the deck, when the crowd unanimously exclaimed, bring out the Mexicans! Where are they! At this exciting moment, a large, portly, black, wall-eyed man, accompanied by two others made their exit from the Cabin, and some "Old Coon" cried out a hoax, Tom Corwin by G'd—Bill Bebb, I swear, and Skenk to boot. The way the crowd made tracks for home wasn't lazy.—Van Wert Bugle.